Laced Up

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76743481.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
F/F

Fandoms:
ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Video Game), ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Anime), ウマ娘 | Uma Musume - All Media Types

Relationships:
Dream Journey/Trainer (Uma Musume), Dream Journey (Uma Musume)/Reader

Characters:
Dream Journey (Uma Musume), Trainer (Uma Musume), Reader

Additional Tags:
Non-Consensual Drug Use, Fluff, Cuddling & Snuggling, Sharing a Bed, Apologies, Accidents, Size Difference, Kissing, Nosebleed, Blood Drinking, Possessive Behavior, Animal Traits, Domestic

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 1,539 Chapters: 1/1

Laced Up

by Bordementions

Summary

Your trainee takes the opportunity to be a little selfish when she finds you fenting out

Notes

I'm actually very proud of this one, Uma reader is actually exceptionally useful when trying to characterize but since I have to translate it it's a bit difficult to understand sometimes.

BUTTTTT I think I did exceptionally good writing her tbh, very fun character to write once I understood her a bit more

I'll find a way to mascify her into twink Dorija eventually we'll see

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The lighting in the hallway was a soft, mocking amber, casting long shadows that seemed to pulse in time with the frantic thudding of your heart.

You weren't sure when the floor had decided to become a vertical surface, but you were currently losing the argument with the baseboards. Your vision was a fractured kaleidoscope—Journey's silhouette standing over you was a blur of gray and white, her large, fluffy ears twitching with a slow rhythm that was hard to focus on.

"Oh, Trainer-san... you really are quite the handful when I'm not watching you, you know?"

Her voice was like cool silk against your overheated skin, a gentle reprimand that lacked even a hint of actual alarm. Dream Journey knelt beside you, the hem of her pants crisp despite the late hour. She didn't reach for a phone or a first-aid kit; instead, she reached out with a small hand, tilting your chin up with terrifyingly steady fingers.

Your pupils were blown wide, twin black voids swallowing the color of your irises. A thin, hot trail of crimson leaked from your left nostril, spotting your collar. You tried to speak, to explain that you'd just been looking for the tea she'd mentioned, but your tongue felt like a lead weight, and all that came out was a soft, pathetic whimper.

Journey let out a tiny, melodic huff of a laugh. "That was meant for a very different kind of 'guest,' you know. It's a bit potent for someone of your constitution."

She leaned in closer, the charm on her ear glinting. Through the silver-rimmed glasses, her eyes were bright with a dark, shimmering excitement. She looked less like a concerned partner and more like a scientist who had just discovered a fascinating new property in a familiar element. "But look at you, Trainer-san. So shaky. So... scared. I apologize truly, but it's almost a shame to waste this on an accident."

She pulled a handkerchief from her blouse pocket, but she didn't use it. Instead, she watched as you struggled to focus on her, your hand twitching toward her sleeve. When you finally managed to grab a fistful of her shirt, she didn't pull away. She leaned into the contact, her hair swaying playfully.

"Can you stand? No, of course you can't. Your legs are hardly working." She slipped an arm around your waist, her strength making the task of hoisting you up look effortless. "Let's get you to bed. It

wouldn't do to have you wandering off and breaking something else. Or yourself for that matter."

The walk to the bedroom was a blur of friction and soft, rhythmic murmurs. She guided you, her body a solid, unyielding anchor against your stumbling weight. When she finally steered you through the door, the scent of her lavender-and-cedar perfume filled your senses, thick enough to choke on. She lowered you onto the bed, the mattress sinking beneath you as if it were trying to swallow you whole.

Journey didn't leave. She crawled onto the bed beside you, hovering over your prone form. She took off her glasses, setting them on the nightstand with a soft clack, and suddenly those piercing, multi-colored eyes were inches from yours.

"You're so messy," she whispered, her voice dropping into a lower, more intimate register. She reached out, her thumb smearing some of the blood dripping from your nose. "I should be cross. I had everything timed so perfectly, and you've gone and thrown a wrench into the works."

She didn't sound cross. She sounded enthralled.

She leaned down, her messy gray hair falling like a curtain around both of your faces. You felt the warm, wet swipe of her tongue against your skin, starting at your lips and dragging upward to the base of your nose, licking away the nosebleed with a slow, drawn out focus. You let out a choked sound, your hands grasping blindly at the sheets, but she only pressed closer, her weight pinning you down.

"Shh... stay still," she breathed against your skin, her lips hovering just over yours. "It’s okay, Trainer-san. I’ve got you. Does it feel good?"

She pressed a soft, lingering kiss to the corner of your mouth, then another to your forehead, her breath hot against your damp skin. Her hands began to wander, smoothing out the wrinkles in your shirt, tracing the line of your collarbone with a possessive, territorial gaze.

"I think I might keep you like this for a while," she murmured, her ears flattening against her head as she nipped playfully at your earlobe. "You're so much more... agreeable. I could tell you anything right now, couldn't I? I could make you believe the world starts and ends in this room... and you wouldn't even fight me."

She pulled back just enough to look you in the eye, a small, duplicitous smile playing on her lips. "I'm really grateful for your

curiosity, Trainer-san. It’s given me such wonderful ideas."

Her hands were surprisingly cold against your flushed cheeks, her palms framing your face with a proprietary grip that felt both like a caress and a cage. You were drowning in those eyes—that impossible gradient of light purple and blue, the dark pupils fixed on yours with a predator’s focus.

"Stay with me, Trainer-san," she whispered, her voice a low, melodic hum that seemed to sync with the frantic thrumming in your chest. "Don't close them. I want to see exactly where you are right now. I want to see you seeing me."

You tried to lift your hands, your fingers brushing against the black silk of her corset belt, but your coordination was a joke. Your movements were jerky and off, like a puppet with tangled strings. Journey noticed, of course. She let out a soft, delighted sound and caught your wrists, pinning them gently but firmly against the pillows on either side of your head. Her strength was effortless, a reminder that despite her frame, she was the one in control right now.

"Look at you... so beautifully undone," she murmured, leaning down until her nose brushed yours. She didn't mind the lingering copper scent of the blood she’d just cleaned away. In fact, she seemed to savor the salt of your sweat as she began to trail slow, wet kisses along your jawline. "I really must apologize, you know. I’m usually so much more composed. A model student, a perfect partner... but seeing you like this? All shaky and wide-eyed, completely incapable of saying 'no' to me?"

She pulled back just an inch, her messy gray bangs tickling your forehead. A small, twisted smile pulled at the corners of her mouth—a look that never made it out into the hallways of Tracen.

"I simply couldn't help myself. You’re just too cute when you’re like this. It’s a side of you I rarely get to see. It’s quite a treat for me, really."

She leaned in again, her kisses moving to your lips. They weren't the chaste, polite pecks she’d give you in the library. These were deep, possessive, and lingering. Because you were so out of it, your responses were delayed, your mouth soft and yielding under hers. Journey groaned softly into the kiss, her ears perking back up in a sign of pure, unadulterated focus. Every time you tried to find your breath, she was there to steal it again, her tongue tracing the seam of

your lips with a slow, agonizing precision.

"You're doing so well," she cooed against your mouth, her thumbs stroking the sensitive skin of your inner wrists. "Just keep breathing for me. That’s your only job right now. I’ll handle everything else. Every little detail of the 'journey'... I’ll map it out for the both of us."

She shifted her weight, sliding her small, lithe body fully onto the bed so she could drape herself over you like a blanket. The heat radiating between you was nice, the natural high body temperature of an Umamusume turning the space between you heated. She tucked her head into the crook of your neck, her ahoge tickling your chin, and let out a long, satisfied sigh.

"I promise I’ll make this up to you later, Trainer-san," she whispered, her breath hot against your skin. "Once it all gets out of your system... I have a very special excursion planned. Just the two of us. A reward for being such a good, patient girl while I enjoyed myself."

She pulled one of your heavy, limp arms around her waist, tucking herself into your side as she settled in. Even as your consciousness flickered like a dying candle, you could feel her heart beating steady and strong against your ribs—a rhythmic, terrifyingly calm counterpoint to your own chaos.

"Sleep now," she commanded softly, pressing one final, lingering kiss to your temple. "I’m right here. And I’m not letting you go anywhere. Not now... and not ever."

As the darkness finally pulled you under, the last thing you felt was the soft tassel of her earring brushing against your cheek and the feeling of her small, powerful hand tightening its hold on yours, ensuring that even in your dreams, you were exactly where she wanted you.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!